Reflector

DECEMBER · 1931

Jane - Pg. 23

Reflector

CHRISTMAS ◈ ISSUE

1931

WEYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL, WEYMOUTH, MASS.

VOLUME X — NUMBER 2

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1931-1932

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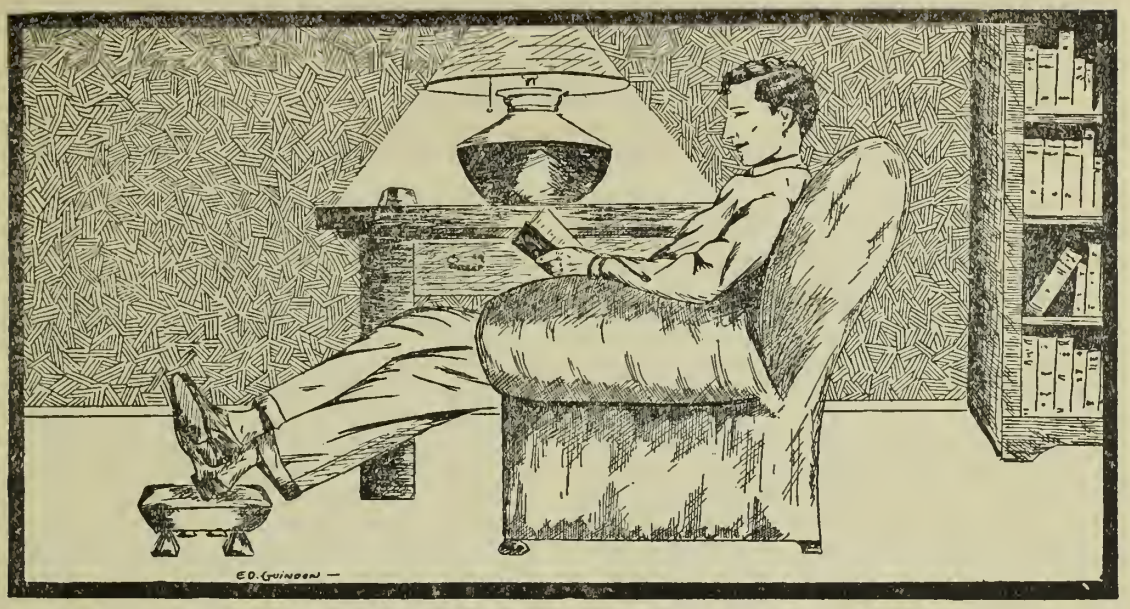


Christmas in Other Lands

Christmas, an ancient festival adopted by the church early in the Christian Era to commemorate the birth of Christ, is so celebrated wherever Christianity is the prevailing religion.

In England, the day used to be celebrated by great feasts. The owners of large estates entertained at dinner, not only their own relatives, but also the families living on their property. The pantries were filled with puddings, pies, cakes, vegetables of all kinds, and huge roasts. This part of the English Christmas is not observed at the present time.

At midnight bells ring throughout the land to proclaim the arrival of the holiday. Very early in the morning, the children, many of whom are very poor, go about the streets singing Christmas carols. Later in the day the boys and girls help to bring in the Christmas tree and the great yule log, which has been cut the preceding year, that it may be thoroughly dry before it is used. It is placed in the fireplace and lighted with a fragment of the last year's yule log, this piece having been kept for the purpose. The children believe that the Christmas trees are gifts of St. Nicholas.

The German boys and girls always have trees. On Christmas Eve someone, strangely attired, calls at each home to inquire if the children have been good. If they have, he opens a bag and tosses nuts about. If a child has been naughty, he gives the parents a switch, to be used in punishing him.

The young folks of Holland and Belgium think that St. Nicholas drives a white horse. They clean their shoes, fill them with oats and hay or carrots for the animal, and in the morning wake to find their shoes filled with candy and toys.

The Danish children believe that a good Brownie Nisson, who looks like a little old man with a long gray beard, and who lives underground, comes to bring them gifts. Christmas Day is spent in family reunions.

The Italian Santa Claus is what we know as "Mother Goose". They call her Befana, and watch for her arrival on the broomstick which she rides. The people of Italy have a large log called the "Christmas log", around which the boys and girls recite poems and sing songs. Then they go into another room, where a large urn or vase, filled with gifts of fruit, stands in the centre of the table.

The Swiss children place one shoe outside the door for the two Saturdays preceding Christmas. If they have not been naughty, they will find candy, nuts, and toys in their shoes. On morning wake to find a loaded Christmas tree.

In Austria, lighted candles are placed in the windows on Christmas Eve, so that the Christ-Christmas Eve they go to bed early, and in the

Child, in passing, will not stumble. Special candles are made for the occasion, and a Christmas log is cut for the fire-place.

The French Santa Claus is called Pere Noel, which means Father Christmas. He visits the homes on Christmas Eve, and rewards the good boys and girls. Ruprecht, the bad spirit, who carries switches for naughty children, comes with Pere Noel.

In Sweden and Norway, all kinds of fancy cakes and cookies are made in shapes of animals and then are frosted with sugar sand. Biscuits are the favorite bread for this season, and quantities of them and coffee cakes are baked and put away for the holiday feast. The country children go into the woods and select their own Christmas trees. If the brother is old enough, he cuts the tree, otherwise, the father does. The children drag it home and trim it themselves. They have no Santa Claus, although to amuse the younger ones, presents are thrown at the windows, and no one sees where they came from. All animals are given extra food, and a sheaf of wheat, saved from harvest is fastened to a pole near the house for a feast for the birds. Early Christmas morning, lighted candles are put in the windows to light people on their way to church. The Christmas service begins at five o'clock and everyone goes.

Thus, we see that, though each country has its particular customs, there is one day, Christmas, when all are united in the spirt of peace, good will towards men.

Sylvia Merrill '34

Fire Drill

Gong sounds.

Class comes to life, books are slammed, pens are dropped, all the feigned studious atmosphere vanishes. Talking begins, lines are formed at class-room doors. Boys are seen scurrying through the corridors, violently trying to reach the doors. Bell rings. Students pass out into the yard without any undue noise. Again the bell rings. Students about face. Pushing and crowding, the thundering students mount the stairs. We hear comments on the weather and the last exams and also secret desires for a real fire or at least another drill.

J. Perkins '34

Decorating the Xmas Tree

Christmas comes but once a year. Sometimes I wish it came more than once, and sometimes I wish it didn't come at all. One of the incidents which make me wish it didn't come is the one I will now tell.

My mother had ordered a tree from the store. When I arrived home from school, I found it leaning up against the side of the house. Upon further investigation, I found that I was to have the honor of putting up and decorating the tree.

First I made a standard to hold the tree upright. It held well enough while someone held the tree, but when that someone let go, the law of gravity went into effect, at least, as far as the tree was concerned. I solved this by driving a nail into the ceiling and tying a rope onto the top of the tree, and then tying it to the nail.

Result: cracked ceiling.

Next I turned to the decorations. Just as I had my arms full of the dainty little doo-dads, my dog roared at me, evidently filled with the spirit of Christmas.

Result: broken decorations, whipped dog, tree being decorated by my mother, ruined temper and subsequent slang (?).

When Mother had finished decorating the tree, it looked beautiful. The gaily colored balls and sparkling tinsel made it look like a rose-tree in paradise. To crown its glory, an illuminated star shone forth at the top, very successfully, lighting up that cracked ceiling, so that Dad would be sure to see it when he came home.

Later, when he did come home, we all stood around, admiring the tree. Then the catastrophe happened. That nail in the ceiling pulled out. Down came three and one half square feet of ceiling. Along with it came my father's wrath upon me. As the argument neared its climax, over toppled the tree, neatly sweeping a vase off the sideboard, as it crashed to the floor amid the tinkles and cracks of once lovely decorations.

I headed for the door in a hurry, not stopping until well into Canada. Well, it might have been East Weymouth—I went so fast I couldn't tell. But even so, we managed to have a Merry Christmas, after much last minute work by everyone in the family but me.

Gardner Jones '32

Buried Loot

"What a suspicious-looking character!" said Mr. Andrew Adam Alexanderson, to no one in particular, as he rounded the corner of Elm Street.

Mr. Andrew Adam Alexanderson was a "weight guesser" by trade and a loafer by choice, but his chief ambition, hidden away in that thick skull, was to be a detective.

"Just as I thought, he has a bundle under his overcoat. I am going to follow him."

Mr. Andrew Adam Alexanderson talked to himself as he hurried along behind the suspicious-looking man, who slinked along keeping in the shadow of the buildings as much as possible.

They went down the street, crossed the square, and took a road that led to a more secluded spot. As they passed through the square, a policeman stepped from a doorway and followed in their train.

Some distance out in the country, the man who was being followed, stopped, climbed over a stone wall, and put down his bundle. He looked cautiously around; then he pulled a shovel out from under a bush, and began to dig.

"There, I guess that's deep enough," said the man as he picked up the bundle. He started to put it into the hole and then as an after thought he unwrapped it. As the contents fell into the hole, a loud laugh came from the other side of the wall, followed by another from behind a tree.

The policeman and Mr. Andrew Adam Alexanderson walked up to the amazed man whom they had followed.

Mr. Andrew Adam Alexanderson said, "Shake, brother, I'll have a little job for you December 26."

The policeman, trying hard to control his laughter said, "Those neckties are almost as bad as the ones I got last Christmas."

Carrie Mae Whitcomb '32

A man and his wife had just been given their room in a hotel. About five minutes later, the man appeared at the desk, and said to the clerk, "Sir, there are two mice fighting in my room."

The clerk said, "What did you expect for three dollars—a bull fight?"

Cock of the Walk

About the middle of November a truck drove away from a little New England home, leaving a large crate in the farmyard. Within the house an open calendar, fluttering fitfully to the gay breezes of a November wind, seemed to be impatient to turn over to the December pages.

The dogs, cats, chickens and other barnyard animals crowded around the crate, from which came foreign tones of authority and boastfulness.

The animals quickly scattered at the appearance of the owner, and at a safe distance eagerly watched the opening of the crate. Out strutted a half grown turkey, with a deadly look in his eyes, as if he owned the farmyard.

A lordly cock immediately singled himself from the crowd, walked up, and glared at the newcomer as if to put him in his place. But losing his high position had by no means ruffled his dignity; he still strutted around the yard and passed judgment on serious affairs.

The turkey, while taking a dust bath one day, saw the cock coming his way. When the cock stopped beside him, he lifted his powerful wings; and for a minute neither could be seen through the dust-laden air. When the dust and noise had settled down, another tongue and eye fight could be seen and heard.

"You are no longer ruler of the yard," yelled the turkey. "I do not want you bothering me again while I am in comfort."

"My day will come," snapped back the cock, and coolly turned and strutted off.

The next day the farmer came out into the yard, caught the turkey and carefully judged his weight. Seemingly satisfied, the farmer carried it over to a large block. The turkey felt very much elated to receive so much of the master's attention, but with one blow from the shining ax, the proud head was gone, never to boast again. While the turkey was still flopping around, the cock strutted over, with a satisfied look in his eye, and yelled at the top of his voice, "Now who is cock of the walk?"

The preparing of the Christmas Day dinner had given a lasting and much coveted Christmas gift to the cock and general harmony to the farmyard.

K. Soper '33

A Merry Christmas

"'Twas the night before Christmas,
and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not
even a mouse."

Nay———not so!

Little Oswald Mouse cautiously poked his tiny nose through the "front door" of his home. Extreme caution was necessary, for in the main room of the house Mr. and Mrs. Percival Jones were diligently erecting a handsome Christmas tree for their beloved offspring.

Percival was perched precariously atop a high step-ladder, putting the final decorations on the top of the evergreen. Mrs. Percival was assisting him mentally, if not physically.

"Ah! What's that across the room? As I live, it's a piece of cheese. I wonder———?"

After carefully considering his actions, Oswald crept, oh, so slowly, across the room. Possibly all would have been well had not Mrs. Percival taken it onto herself to assist her husband physically. Under her capable assistance, the ladder, up to now steady, wobbled dangerously.

Suddenly Percival felt himself going. With a shriek of dismay, he clutched wildly at the none-too-firm Christmas tree. With an ear-splitting crash, Percy, tree, decorations, and all came tumbling noisily to the floor. One of Percy's arms protruded through a drum that was to have been given to little Aloysius; perched on his head, in tent-fashion, was a book, "How to keep your temper," intended for Percy, Jr.

Little Oswald held his ears in horror as the atmosphere grew warmer and warmer. Wisely, he decided to take refuge from that raging human. Silently he crept into a toy fire-engine laid carefully to one side. As he gained his hiding place, he inadvertently stepped on the starter. With a rush and a roar, Oswald started on a wild cruise around the room.

Zigging and zagging, he dashed between packages, ladder and all. Mrs. Percival glimpsed the rodent chauffeur and fled screaming from the room. There and then Ossie lost control, and crashed into Mr. Percival, who was still sprawled among the wreckage. Startled at this collision, the "bam-and-scram" (hit and run) driver, threw the machine into reverse and sped towards home with an angered Percy in hot pursuit.

Then, when his goal was nearly reached, disaster befell Oswald. Mrs. Percy, who had returned with a broom, let that object fly, and successfully wrecked the Mouseville Fire Department.

Oswald picked himself up and just managed to reach home when reenforcements arrived in the form of Percy and a hammer.

Safe at last, Oswald breathed a deep sigh of relief, and crept back to bed.

"I didn't want the blooming cheese anyway," he murmured philosophically, as he fell asleep.

R. Dexheimer '33

Our First Night in Camp

This was our first night in camp. The scout master had said "Good Night", and now we could hear him breathing regularly. No sound came from the other tents; still Bob and I could not get to sleep. We wondered if any of the other fellows were sleeping.

The woods seemed full of mysterious sounds. The breeze stirred the tent flap; a branch creaked. The sleepy rustle of birds, even the lap-lapping of the water against the boats on the lake sounded strangely infamiliar and startling. Suddenly we heard footsteps, cautious, slow, yet unmistakable. A twig snapped. Someone was approaching our tent. In less time than it takes to tell, our minds were full of weird happenings.

Should we call the scout leader? We didn't want to be laughed at, and so decided to make sure who it was first. Cautiously we scrambled out of our blankets and crept to the opening of the tent. A dark figure was lurching about uncertainly, not three yards away. We clutched each other and were just about to shout, when a pocket light flashed in our faces. The next moment a cross sleepy voice grumbled, "Say, fellers, where's that water bucket?"

Archie Craig '34

Star in the East

Christmas Eve, thought the old woman, Christmas Eve again. There had been many in her life, happy ones too, when she came to think of it. Yes, happy, although she didn't know it at the time. One seldom does, until afterwards when one is old and bent and poor, when one's friends have gone, and one's children too. Christmas Eve—candles flickering in the windows, wreaths with big red bows, shops bright with lights and smelling sweetly of evergreen and holly, hurrying throngs of last-minute shoppers eager to get home to the warmth of a cheery fire and a hot supper, rosy-cheeked children with faces flattened against shop windows in delightful expectancy.

The stars were coming out. One by one they appeared in the murky deep of the winter sky. 'Twas cold this Christmas Eve. Cold without snow, thought the old woman. Strange indeed—a Christmas without snow! Ugh! How the wind howled! And the cold—it bit into you somehow, made you feel numb and lifeless. The stairs would seem long tonight, endlessly long. The room would be cold, no doubt. Ah, well, you could not expect a fire to last all day with no one to tend it, and there were, after all, floors to be scrubbed and kept clean. At least the small pittance was a livelihood, and it would not be for long. She felt quite sure of that——not for long.

But here—'twas Christmas Eve. She had a room, at least, and a fire, and that indeed was more than He had had that Christmas Eve so long ago. A stable it had been, so the stories said, a lowly stable, and yet they had found Him there, those wise-men of old, by following a star. It had led them through the night by its radiance; had led them through fear and doubt, dread and expectancy.

The sound of childish voices came to her ears, and floated sweetly on the frosty air.

"We three kings of the east are
Bearing gifts. We traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.
Star of wonder, star of light————"

The voices died away in the distance.

Star of wonder, indeed it was! The old woman drew tighter her much-worn coat. A bitter night. There were no longer the hurrying crowds and gaily decorated windows to take your thoughts from the stinging cold. She should be home by now. Could it be she had lost her way? No matter. For the star was there. She could see it quite plainly now. Yes, she would follow its steady light. It would lead her. Had it not the men of old?

She pushed onward, weary, half-frozen, until she could see the star no longer, nor see anything, for that matter, that was earthly.

She had followed the star in the east———— and come home.

* * *

When the gray dawn broke o'er the sleeping city, the heavens opened and flurries of snow drifted earthward as if to wipe from it all signs of suffering or sorrow. It would be a white Christmas—after all.

D. Sprague '34

Much Ado About Nothing

Once upon a time the "Passionate Shepherd" made love to "Daphne", the "Faerie Queen". King Arthur of "Arcadia", however, was also in love with her; so they decided to fight for her hand. After consulting the "Shepherd's Calendar", they agreed to fight on the "Twelfth Night" of June. The "Faerie Queen", who was in the midst of a "Midsummer Night's Dream", was awakened by the clash of tin against tin, and rushed out to see what the "True Tragedy" was about. But she arrived at the scene just in time to see "The Passing of Arthur".

When "Piers the Plowman" heard of the "Death of Arthur", he immediately came to the "House of Fame", in which Arthur's body was lying in state.

At Arthur's funeral he read "A Funeral Elegy". The "Faerie Queen" then told the "Passionate Shepherd" that she was not in love with him, but with "Julius Caesar", the "Merchant of Venice". Thereupon the "Passionate Shepherd" sadly said, "My 'Love's Labour's Lost'." Does this little tale turn out "As You Like It"?

S. Scott '32

Johnny

He was a cheerful little boy. His childhood was one of love and gentle deeds. He had one fault - carelessness. No matter what one said, he would invariably forget.

He grew into young manhood, loved by every one. His chief characteristics were a love of fair play in all things, and a mischievous sense of humor.

Then he attended the university, and every morning he walked along his way to classes; sometimes alone, sometimes with some chum, carrying an armful of disreputable old books. For his books were apt to be forgotten and left when fancy called him elsewhere.

He wasn't so well as he might be; therefore he was never a leader in his beloved athletics. Saturdays and after school you could see him down by the football field or up on the tennis courts. He was always jolly. You never suspected how hurt he was by his failures.

We, his classmates, half suspected his sadness; and I, who sat beside him, knew, as the years went by, he grew frailer. At the last his studies came hard to him.

He had never been brilliant, but he had always passed. When the teachers asked him questions, he would sometimes smile that winning smile of his, and they would never scold. Once he saved my reputation when I was caught in a lie.

With the children he was a great favorite. They all loved him. No matter where you heard his whistle, children came, running as if the flute of the Pied Piper of Hamelin were calling.

Then he died.

It was during my last year at the university that it struck me that he was failing swiftly. He was often absent for long periods of time. The last day he came to school was the day of the Latin exam. It was June, just before the close of school. We had been practising for commencement exercises. He and I sat before the open window at the back of the room.

He was flushed, and a red spot burned high upon each cheek. I wrote briefly, glancing at him from time to time. He wrote with a feverish energy, never pausing for rest.

At last, the exam. was over, we got up. He touched me on the sleeve.

"Please walk with me down by the river, Charles. I have something to say to you."

I was frightened, so grave he was. As we walked along under the willows at the river's edge, I stole an occasional glance at his face. He was very white except where the flush burned along his cheek.

"I haven't long to———" he started; then fell into silence.

"Don't," I said. "I know it isn't so."

"Yes, it is. Please tell Jane. You know her I loved her. I couldn't, because I've known what I'd like to, but——. When I'm dead tell for two years I was dying. I think she loved me. She never said so, but, Charlie, a fellow knows."

"Don't Johnny, don't." I implored.

"Don't be silly, Charles. I'm not afraid. I've had it to think of a long, long time. At first I was————."

Then it happened. A scream. A child had fallen into the river. It runs very swiftly there, and the little boy was borne under.

In a moment Johnny had kicked aside his shoes and plunged in, I after him.

Several seniors who had been strolling about the campus heard and rushed down. They dragged the child and Johnny out. The child was alive, but Johnny was dead.

After all, it was the way he would have wished it. Brave Johnny, who was always so cheerful. He had been spared the pain of slow death and last words.

He was buried in the little churchyard behind the university. We, his class, attended his funeral. Outside the swallows dipped and rose in graceful flight. Overhead the sky was blue, and the sun fell in long golden lines across the floor. A beam fell across the altar gently, pityingly, caressing Johnny's pale face.

He looked just the same as he ever did, except he was paler; and he was beautiful with a strange unearthly beauty. He smiled as if in sleep.

The crimson roses we had sent in memory

of his love were bright and courageous, even as he had been.

Jane stood with us, between Jim and me. She never cried, but stood in a stony silence.

Then it was over and our commencement was next day. We had no plays, no dances. We merely went to chapel, and received our diplomas. Johnny's diploma was given to Jane. She always kept it. *Helen Marianne Felker '31*

History

I have several quaint anecdotes of my ancestors that I should know by heart. Whenever a visitor comes to our house, Grandmother unlimbers her heavy artillery and starts out.

"You know John's wife's cousin's boy? Well, he———" etc. Somehow, Old Granny never tells the stories my father used to, in fact still does, tell me.

For instance, a recent one comes to my mind. Cousin Ned, who was a football star on a Chicago team a few years ago, was a substitute his first year in college. He played "left end on the bench" nearly the whole schedule, but in a post-season Christmas game, the coach sent him in for the last quarter. The score was very much in Chicago's favor, or I guess poor Ned would never have got in the game at all.

At the signal from the coach, Ned dashed onto the field and immediately began jabbering to his captain; whereupon the referee penalized his team fifteen yards for not reporting to him. On the first play following Ned successfully "clipped" an opponent, and the eagle-eyed "ref" imposed another fifteen-yard penalty. The frantic Chicago captain punted far down the field; down dashed Ned, who lovingly wrapped his arms around the opposing safety man as he was all ready to make the catch. The loss of forty-five yards in such a short time was too much for the coach; Ned came out of that game in a hurry.

Dad tells another on my great-grandmother. It seems that she lived in a house quite a distance from the village. The only other house near by was that occupied by seven old maids, dubbed the "House of Seven Gabblers". This was just hidden from view by the peak of an adjoining hill.

One summer Great Grandfather was delayed in getting his hay in from the distant field, and was forced to work late at night, leaving Great Grandmom in the house with only Mary Jane, the servant. As prowlers had been heard in the vicinity, Great Grandpop accordingly made arrangements whereby Jane was to ring an old cow bell if anything should go wrong. The clanging bell was supposed to bring Pop and his farmhands to the rescue.

Two nights after these arrangements had been made, Mom chanced to look out of the window as she was preparing for bed.

She must have exclaimed, "Ye gods and little fishes!" or whatever the slang term of the day was, for there, from over the hill, came a dull reddish glow. Could it be that the "House of Seven Gabblers" was burning up?

Jane and Mom bent far out the window. Surely that was smoke they smelled. And wasn't that a crackling like burning wood? Jane leaned from the window, firmly grasping the bell, and wildly shook it with all her might.

Meanwhile, the glow became brighter and brighter. Where was Great Grandpop? Jane's frantic alarm brought no response. The old maids would burn to death!

Suddenly Mom clutched Jane's arm. The bell ceased to ring. Together they stared sheepishly at the hill, as from the valley on the other side rose proudly a golden yellow crescent. Mom's fire was only the rising moon.

"When the moon comes over the mountain"

Let's not drag Kate Smith into this. For that matter, let's not get anybody else in. That's enough family history for one lesson. Some ancestors, eh?

Russell Dexheimer '33

Order your next Reflector early. Many who wanted copies were disappointed last time. The Washington's Birthday number will be out on February 19.

A Day at Weymouth High

This is the narrative of a bold young schoolboy bearing the appellation of Hardluck Harry.

Ding-a-ling!.. Harry now awakes, and as the offensive timepiece continues to pour forth its unwelcome and unmelodious sound, he deals it a blow which sends it crashing to the solid oaken floor. The sleepy boy now rolls over to his former position, only to be hauled out by his strong-armed maternal parent, who informs him in a shrill voice that he will be late upon arriving at his place of learning unless he rises with more acceleration.

Her prophecy has evidently come true, since we see him journeying down the long trail of stairs to the office to obtain an admittance slip.

His first period of work is Latin. We see him struggling to form the second person plural imperfect passive subjunctive of the verb "animadoerto". His efforts do not seem pleasing to his teacher, for she tells him that his work is of the most inferior imaginable for a boy in high school.

Finding that his articles of foot covering for wear in the gymnasium have sneaked away, Harry is ordered to take his exercises in his stocking feet. Upon stubbing his toe on a bleacher, he utters several terms, strongly prohibited in the vocabulary of any reputable etiquette book.

For arriving two minutes late in his French class, Harry is severely reprimanded; and while he is regarding with favor the advantages of running away from home and no longer being forced to attend this institution of tyrannical oppression, his instructress informs him that she should like to see him at the close of school.

He then transfers himself to the math room, is of the commendable grade of forty-two.

As the bell rings, Harry moves with celerity sight. After a vain search on his part for the towards the cafeteria. Upon his arriving there, his lunch is immediately whisked away from where after taking a test, he is told his mark missing midday meal, some kind (?) friend produces the article from under a table.

The gong sounds just as Harry is half through munching, and he finds it necessary to deliver his undevoured article for mastication in a refuse receiver.

Harry finds his next period to be English. He also finds that if a certain verse contains six feet and rhymes in a certain way, it bears the formidable title of anapaestic hexameter.

Science is the last period. Our worthy student is noisily acclaimed the most unlucky student in his class as he completely demolishes a perfectly good beaker in his effort to place it in a ring stand.

He purposely forgets his engagement with his French teacher, who, catching him intent on attempting to leave the building undetected, reminds him that he must remain a short time in her room.

During this short detention period, which takes the good part of an hour, fate sees fit to pour a few drops upon the earth. Harry is released from captivity at the point when the rain descends the hardest, and too late recalls that his car ticket for use on such occasions is safely residing in another pair of trousers.

His wrath is indescribable as we watch his dripping form recede damply in the distance.

Eleanor McCarthy '33

The Desert of Maine

On the state road between Freeport and Falmouth, Maine, one sees the queer-looking sign, "The Desert of Maine," marking the only desert in the eastern United States. To the left of this sign, is a street, though almost a cart path, extending two miles into the woods. At the end of this road is a deserted farmhouse and barn. Approximately fifty years ago, this land was a thriving garden, but gradually crevices appeared in the soil and fine sand sifted through. The farmer planted birch trees to break up gusts of wind, but these did not help the land. Finally in despair, the farmer bought a flock of sheep, but their hoofs cut the ground and encouraged the sifting. Today, the desert covers about six acres. In the past three years it has grown seventy-five feet. Before the desert started, a well house was built where the sand now is, though today the builders are unable to locate it. In my opinion, it is a sight worth seeing, and I'm sure I shall never forget it.

Marshall Bearce '34

Santa Claus's Letter

My dear Children,

Summer has gone, and soon, too, will the autumn leave you. But aren't you thinking of that somebody who comes around in the middle of winter with a noise and a stir and a "Merry Christmas?" Very soon I am coming to you, for the north wind has been whistling to me and Jack Frost has already pinched me and told me that you are waiting.

Oh, I am so glad that you are! Santa Claus would rather have the children's love than anything else in the world.

Now, just get your stockings ready, long stockings, socks, plain, striped, worn at the toes, anything, no matter what. But no fair to hang Dad's or Grandpa's; they are too hard to fill, and, remember, I haven't much time. And when your stockings are hung, go to bed and sleep. No need even to think of what you want most, for Santa knows even more than you.

I shall come in the dead of night, with a crack of the whip and a jingling of bells. You will not hear me. But on Christmas morn, when you see the plump stockings, you'll know all about it, won't you?

What a jolly time you'll have taking out the goodies and turning your stockings inside out to get what's in the toe. It makes my heart dance with joy, and the tears of joy overflow and run down my beard and there they hang in the icicles which I suppose you have seen in my pictures.

I have tried to get for you the very nicest and prettiest things, and I hope, dear children, that you will both give and lend. For selfishness does grieve me so.

One little girl, a dear child, took all her goodies last year, and sat awhile on her doorstep, and to every poor child that came along, she gave a taste of something. It made me so happy to see her.

For I am a friend of all children. Yes, I am thinking of you, you poor sorrowful ones. Lonely orphans, I'm thinking of you. And weak little cripples, I am thinking of you. Ah, it is sad, it is pitiful. You have no home. Where you sleep, nobody knows. Old Santa Claus can't bring gifts to you, darlings, for you have no stockings to hang, and no chimney for him to creep down. But he mourns for you, and tears of sorrow mingle with tears of joy.

No, Santa cannot bring you beautiful things, but he will whisper in the ears of the happy little children; "Remember the sorrowful ones, who have no home, no friends, and not even a stocking to hang at Christmas Eve."

Your loving friend,
Santa Claus

F. Smith '32

On Homework

Homework is the bane of a student's existence. Perhaps if the teachers understood what trouble and utter boredom it is to do it, they would be more considerate. They wonder why a student looks so blank at an apparently simple question when it is answered in plain print in the book. Perhaps the following will illuminate him on the subject.

When the average student gets his books home, usually the smallest and least heavy are tossed into some far corner and forgotten. Please don't think it laziness. Indeed, no! It is just that he realizes that to do justice to his homework, his brain must be rested from the day's fatigue and his body refreshed by pure air. After supper, when he has been callously torn from the "funnies" or sporting page by an unfeeling mother, he turns resignedly to his books. After a disinterested search for them—mother finally finds them, much to his secret disgust—his pencil needs sharpening. When his pencil is almost whittled away, he sits down and wearily starts to study. *Study* did I say? Perhaps *gaze at the book* would describe the action more accurately. Suddenly the telephone rings. O blessed respite! Can he go riding? Yes, he has his homework almost done. And so, the books are again forgotten. Let us draw a curtain on the classes next day.

R. Stoddard '32

The Englishman: That new frock you are wearing is certainly ripping, bah Jove!

Girl: Gracious! Where?

Advice to My Friend Bill

Dear Bill,

I sure did enjoy dinner with you the other evening. It was great to see you again after so many years.

Yes, old man, we all have our difficulties. It is hard to make employees and the general public observe office rules. On finding that your troubles were about the same as mine, I copied the set of rules I have pasted outside of my office. They have proved very effective. Here they are:

1. Upon entering this office, you are particularly requested not to use the door mat, as we wish to accumulate soil inside for a potato crop.

2. Please leave the door wide open, or should you forget yourself and shut it, slam it like thunder.

3. If the proprietor is engaged in conversation and your turn is next, please lean your chair against the wall and whistle "The Stein Song"; if you can't whistle, sing.

4. Never neglect an opportunity to improve your mind. If we are temporarily absent, sit on the desk and pick your teeth with the gold pen and read the letters on the desk. (There are more in the lefthand drawer.)

5. Smoking is particularly desirable. If you are out of poor cigars, we shall lend you a pipe.

6. If you see any spittoons, please expectorate on the floor; the spittoons are only for ornament.

7. Our office hours for listening to solicitors of church subscriptions are from 11 to 1; for book agents, 1 to 3; advertising men, all day. We attend to our own business at night.

8. We need about one million dollars more life insurance. If you are acquainted with the agent, please send him in; he hasn't been here since yesterday.

9. Don't hestitate to ask for a loan, the larger the better; but talk about something else for a half hour beforehand—time isn't worth a cent to us.

10. Persons having no special business with us will please call as often as their health will permit, or send a doctor's certificate in case of absence.

11. Persons leaving calendars will oblige us by placing them in the basket under the desk for the present or until we can get a room with commodious walls.

12. Bill collectors will place their statements on file and call on Saturday at 4 P.M.

13. This place of business closes at 3 P.M. on Saturdays.

Well, what do you think of these, Bill? I hope they will bring you as good results as they did me.

Yours,
Jim

Marguerite Goodrich '32

A Demon

In the day time he isn't so bad, but at night, or in the gray of the morning, just before sunrise, he is insufferable. I wake up at night to see pale moonbeams gleaming with grotesqueness on his yellow, leering face. He always wears that beastly, insolent grin. I detest that grin; I loathe it. If I had such a grin, I would never, never smile again in all my days. But on his smirking countenance, it seems to be fixed. There he is leering away at me, his slanting eyes narrowing to slits in his fat, pudgy eye sockets, and his thick black eyebrows arched knowingly. He is laughing at me in such a furious, exasperating manner that I could throttle him. The black, downward-twirling, thin mustache adds just an additional touch of triumphant exaltation. The moonlight gleams on his white teeth, and shows me, too, that he is still wearing a horrible black skull-cap over his straggly queue.

By the gods, I will not stand that devilish, tantalizing smirk any longer! With an avenging snarl, I leap out of bed. Grabbing him down from his hook, I dash my cardboard and black satin Chinese laundry bag on the floor, go back to bed, and hope to dream of something better than Chinatown and a Demon.

Virginia Donley '34

Contrition

One Christmas eve, in New York, a prisoner, Danny Ward, stood at the window of his cell, looking out across the river. The chaplain of the prison entered the cell. Dan turned his weary eyes toward him, and then turned them back again to the window. Father Cushing (for that was the chaplain's name) came over and put his hand on Dan's shoulder.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" he asked.

Dan swallowed the rising lump in his throat and said, "Father, do you see that house across the river, the third one on the left of the bridge? Well, that's my home."

Father Cushing then understood the poor fellow's emotions, for the house was brightly lighted, and he guessed that a family reunion must be taking place.

"Poor lad," he said, "tell me the whole story and perhaps it will help you."

Danny looked at him gratefully.

"It would help," he said.

"Tell it all, Danny, and think of me as one in the same position as yourself and not as your adviser."

"Well, my mother, dad, sisters, brothers and their children will all be at that house for Christmas." His voice broke but he went on. "They have clean souls and can celebrate Christmas in the right way, but I am an outcast and have no right to even think of that first Christmas in the stable of Bethlehem."

"Don't be silly," said Father Cushing. "What do you think Christ was born for? Wasn't it to save the souls of the sinners as well as the holy ones?"

"I never really thought much about that, but I know no one would want a murderer to think of his birthday. If I were to escape to-night and go home, do you think I should be welcome? Not a bit of it. My mother would look at me in contempt. For two months ago didn't I break her heart and the heart of the mother whose son I killed?"

That was all. He could say no more; he was crying pitifully. Father Cushing wiped the tears from his own eyes before he spoke. Then he said, "Don't cry, Danny. That won't do any good. The deed is done, and that is all there is to it. You are sorry. That's all that is necessary now. To-night you are to die, but, remember this, my lad, although you don't think so now, you never had a happier minute in your life than when you got that burden off your chest."

All was still in the prison, when *clang,* a bell rang. The scuffle of feet was heard in the corridors, and an angry cry of the guard broke the tense stillness. The prisoners filed downstairs to eat. One place was empty. It was Danny's. The prisoners nudged one another as they pointed to the empty chair. Each man, hard-hearted as he might seem, had a feeling of sorrow for the one departed. I doubt, however, if they really needed to feel sorry for Danny, because he was perhaps much happier than some of the richest men in the city.

Loretto M. Buchan '32

A Wild Flower's Christmas Party

"Black-eyed Susan" started in all the "Morning-glory" to take "Butter and Eggs" to "Daisy's" house for a party. She was dressed in a "Sea-pink" dress trimmed with "Queen Anne's Lace," her new "Lady's slippers" and "Fox gloves". On the way she met "Jack-in-the-pulpit" who went along with her. He had a "Skull-cap" on to protect his head from the rays of the "Sunflower."

"Daisy" welcomed them, and. after all the guests had arrived, served "Oswego tea" in "Painted cups", and "American cranberry tarts". While the men smoked "Indian tobacco" in "Indian pipes", the ladies nibbled "Peppermints", "Indian figs" and "Hog pea-nuts".

The house was decorated very prettily with "Holly", "Mistletoe", "Princess pine" and "Evergreen".

As the "Nightshades" began to fall, and the "Blazing stars" to shine, "Black-eyed Susan" and "Jack-in-the-pulpit" got in the "Rattlebox" behind "Wild Ginger", which is a "Traveler's Joy", and galloped home.

W. Tompkins, P. G.

Exchanges

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Spice Box—Avon

You have a commendable paper magazine. Why not save yourselves a great deal of work by soliciting enough ads to enable you to have your paper printed? We wish you success with your year book. Keep up the high standard.

The Semaphore—Stoughton

Congratulations on the originality of your exchange department. Your cuts are also worthy of praise.

The Partridge—Duxbury

A compact little paper. How about a jokes department?

The Blue Owl—Attleboro

Yours is an excellent paper—one which you can well be proud of. Your magazine is both complete and well organized. Apparently your school is an active one, with many interesting clubs.

Litchfield H. S. Minn.

The *Reflector* welcomes a "newsy" paper. Come again!

The Arguenot—Norwood

A clever title to begin with! You have a well-balanced magazine. Your essays and editorials are certainly a credit to your school.

The Lion—Burdett College

An interesting and complete magazine. Liked your cuts and "What They Think" department. A table of contents would aid the reader.

The Parrot—Rockland

We realize that quality is better than quantity. But quality plus quantity makes a better paper. Do try, staff of the Parrot, to enlarge your next issue.

The English High Record—Boston

Congratulations, Staff of the Record! You are indeed fortunate to have an editor with such high ideals as Charles Machin has expressed in his welcome to the new pupils of the English High School. The originality and fitness of your cover deserves special comment.

Dickinson High Chronicle—North Dakota

A good paper! Keep up the good work, and try to enlarge each issue.

A Plea

"Oh, what's the use?" I exclaimed, suddenly, flinging my books to the far corners of the room.

"I never in my life heard of such a crazy idea as writing for the *Reflector*. My head's whirling around now, and I can't concentrate to save my life. I wish I could go away somewhere—anywhere—for a month. I'd even be happy in Timbuctoo or Kalamazoo or the darkest regions of nowhere."

Thus raging around the room like a caged lion, wanting to go somewhere and knowing I couldn't go anywhere until I had written this blank article for the *Reflector*, I suddenly fell exhausted into a chair, and contented myself with frowning on everyone and everything in general and muttering terrible imprecations at the *Reflector:*

Finally, as there was nothing more I could do that night, I went mournfully to bed, spending a half hour, after tumbling into bed, in trying to think of something to write about.

Suddenly I sat up in my bed—an idea! Oh, thank heaven! What merciful fairy godmother had come to my aid? Jumping out of bed, I rushed over to my desk, rummaged through it until I had discovered pencil and paper, and then hurriedly jotted down my ideas.

"Never mind the order as long as you don't forget anything," was what ran through my head.

Having finished, I went back to bed to sleep peacefully until the morning.

In school the next morning, I hurriedly wrote the composition in the short fifteen minutes which I had before school began, and the article was done.

And this, my children, is what nearly every budding young author goes through in trying to write something for the *Reflector*. O ye editors, have pity on us.

A Junior '33

Reflector

Answer to "A Plea"

Dear "A Junior :"

This is an attempt by the Editor to tell you and others who share your ideas about writing for the *Reflector* why the editors can't "have mercy on you."

First, you must remember that we are editors, not authors. Our part in producing the publication that you read is confined to selecting and preparing material from that which you and other readers have written. Of course, the school expects the editors to make substantial contributions in the way of material, and we generally more than fulfill those expectations. But it isn't fair to you or to the school to let the publishing of the *Reflector* turn into a game in which only a few selected ones can take part.

Suppose you imagine the *Reflector* as some sort of dwelling—the size and style to be determined by the size of each issue, since each page is to represent a room in the building. (We hope it will always be a mansion, never a shanty.) Your literary endeavors will constitute the bricks, shingles, and lumber necessary for the construction of this building, and we of the staff will be the carpenters and bricklayers who will put together this material to form your house, at the low cost of an amount somewhere between fifteen and twenty cents.

Now if you give the builders plenty of good lumber, they will be able to construct a 32 or 36-room mansion—they might even stretch it to a 40-room one.

But, on the other hand, if you hold back your builders by allowing them only a small amount of material which is of a poor grade, you will be indeed fortunate if you get a 16-room house *and* don't forget that this house will also cost you $15. You must bear in mind that these builders had to work harder in building a 16-room house when they had a limited supply of poor materials than in building a 32-room one from a good supply of fine material.

This is up to you, you know, whether you prefer a mansion to a lean-to when you can get both for the same price. If you choose the mansion don't forget that your builders need good material and lots of it. So get to work and write something for the next issue—poems, jokes, stories, editorials or articles on school-news—anything as long as you builders will be able to make use of it.

Don't forget the *Reflector* is written, edited, printed, and read by the students of Weymouth High School.

The Editor

Christmas Shopping

With a mighty sigh, partly of relief at getting out of the crowded subway, partly of apprehension at the thought of the job ahead of me, I straightened my hat and coat, and set forth with high hopes to do my Christmas shopping. Oh, the joy of it!

Let me see. I need something for Aunt Min. Probably a silk handkerchief would do, and there is a sale on them. I find, to my dismay, that about a thousand other women have heard about the sale, too. However, with a deep breath I plunge in.

After a mighty struggle, I find myself next to the counter, out of breath, minus a button on my get, —and a glove, and my foot crushed, only to discover there isn't anything there I care to buy. The morning is spent in this thoroughly enjoyable way.

For lunch, I have a milk shake, which I drink with a huge woman on my left jostling my elbow and a small woman on my right who insists on banging her foot against my ankle.

In the afternoon, with Uncle Joe's gifts still to get,—I have no idea what he wants,—I find hordes more of women have joined the ranks. After wandering futilely here and there, I see just the bill-fold I want, but a fellow shopper (very obviously a Mrs. Finklestein) sees it, too. There ensues a mad scramble, in which I come out the victor. With a baleful glare she gives up the contest.

At last, crawling wearily home on feet that throb, carrying in arms that ache furiously, what seems like millions of huge bundles, I swear solemnly that next year I will do my Christmas shopping early.

Ruth Stoddard '32

A Pleasant Dream

Here I am a teacher in the Weymouth High School. It has always been my ambition to teach, but not under such circumstances. See who my pupils are. Just look! They are all the Weymouth High School teachers. Well, here's where I have a great time making their lives miserable in the same way as they have often made mine.

"Mrs. White, I find, in looking over my record book, that you haven't handed in your theme on 'The Lost Leader'."

"Why, I passed that in last Monday."

"Maybe it is here with these history papers. Yes, here it is. It must be checked right this minute before I forget."

Mrs. Barnard, who was Ilioneus? What, you can't remember? Perhaps you can tell me where Sicily is. No? Don't you know you are responsible for every single reference?"

"Miss Berry, how do you pronounce *gagne?* I'd be so happy if you'd only remember that *gn* is like *ny* as in *canyon.*"

"Miss Humphrey, zu welcher Klasse gehort Neffe? Now don't all answer at once. Give Miss Humphrey a chance to earn her own mark. Yes, weak is correct."

"Mr. O'Donnell, what does *intra* mean?"

"Without."

"Yes, within is correct. Why some people take four years of Latin is more than I can see. But here, what is the term of a United States senator? Two years? That's the dear boy."

"Miss Thompson, will you please be quiet? Unless the noise in this rooms stops, we'll all stay one hour after school. Miss Thompson, don't you think I mean what I say?"

"Now, class, we'll have a short test on the last three French lessons. O Miss Canning, don't frown like that. You know a quiz is a good thing once in a while. It is a real test of one's knowledge. You know it's no pleasure for *me* to correct a hundred or more papers."

Brrrr—Brrrr.

"There's the period be—."

"Sister, whatever is the matter with you? You've been talking in your sleep for the last half hour."

"Now didn't you know something like this would happen? Just as I was having a fine time with those pupils of mine, I had to wake up and find it all a dream. Oh, well I don't think I'd really like it anyway. After all, it's all in a day's work with them, and I'd do the same thing if I were teaching."

Loretto M. Buchan '32

A Bluejacket's Christmas

It was December twenty-fifth, and the sun rose hot and red. A thundering roar followed by a resounding splash broke the monotony of the tropical, tomblike silence. The Battle Cruiser "Chicago" had just fired a broadside charge as she came in range of the first line of targets. After her came many more large, grey, sinister-looking ships, like grey ghosts, gliding through the fog. The Atlantic Fleet had finally reached their winter quarters for battle practice, the rough, choppy seas of Quatanama Bay, Cuba.

It was Christmas Day, yes. But it was a hard working day for Uncle Sam's Sea Fighters. The U. S. S. Chicago's decks swarmed with men; working, sweating, swearing, men. Men who were signaling, opening breeches, painting guns, and lifting high explosive shells; men who would have given their right arms to be home once more with their own folks to celebrate the holidays. They, too, wished to see the good old United States once more, all decked out in its Christmas attire, with department store Santa Clauses, Christmas trees, red and green lights, people buying presents with the old true American Christmas spirit. But these men had work to do; they defended the nation. They couldn't use their time decorating Christmas trees.

After battle manoeuvres, there were still more tasks to do. There was paint to be scraped, paint to be put on, and brass work and decks to be polished for the government. All the happy-go-lucky sailors and officers had the same haunting longing, to be home once more, with their own God-given people, but the only consolation they could get from each other was: "You should have thought of that before you joined the Navy."

R. Tenny '35

A New Master

Lan Toy was very happy as he poled his boat through the shallows of the Yantze River toward home. Lan was happy for two reasons. First because he had had a very favorable day of trading in the village, and secondly because he had been baptised by a missionary.

The missionary had labored long and hard, and had been successful in converting Lan to the Christian faith. Suddenly Lan's smile faded. He must tell his father, who was a strange believer in Buddhism. His father would be terribly displeased and violently angry. A shiver of apprehension swept over the boy, for just around the bend of the river was Lan's home on the bank of the river. Slowly Lan poled to the shore, tied his boat, and with leaden feet he slowly entered his family's abode.

"Lan, my son, why do you look so troubled?"

"Nothing, my honored father, nothing."

"Son," his father's voice was sharper now, "do not deceive me."

Lan felt his hands grow cold and clammy. He felt an icy hand grip his heart. When he spoke, his voice sounded hoarse, and broken words fell from his lips in a jumble.

"Most honorable father, I have become——
—Christian———a missionary———I———

"What" roared his father, "my son an unholy infidel, a disgrace to his family and Buddha! Get out. Never come back. You're no son of mine—to think that I should live to see this!" So Lan, with a broken heart, set out on his own.

Fate, however, played its hand that night, for a terrible storm arose, the river overflowed, its banks crumbled and were washed away in the swift current. The people living along the river bank fled with the few belongings that they, in their terror-stricken haste, could gather. All went to the great meeting house. Lan, who was leaving town at this time, also turned his steps toward the meeting house.

There he saw people, praying in vain to the great Buddha. Lan's father did not seem to notice his son, though, really he was watching every movement of the boy. A shadow of doubt flickered in his mind as to whether he had been right in sending his only son away. "Perhaps I was too hasty," he half murmured to himself.

Meanwhile to Lan, sitting by himself in a corner of the meeting house, a voice (the missionary's), seemed to be saying, "Whenever you're in trouble, pray to God."

Lan arose from his squatting position, and made his way to the center of the room. He climbed upon a bench, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, spoke to the people in a quiet, but commanding, voice. He told them how foolish they were. He told them about God. Some believed; most of them didn't. Lan fell to his knees and raised his voice in prayer to the One whom he knew to be Master.

He prayed to have the storm cease, to have the waters recede, and to have the people forgiven for their sins.

An hour later the storm abated and the river went down. The people, greatly awed, wanted to hear more about God.

Lan's father came to him and said, "Son, I have been a fool. I have believed in an idol. I sent you, my only son, away. But now it is different. I have found a new master—God".

W. Clement Query '34

Edith May Chapman

She was extremely beautiful. Her auburn hair outshone the sun in all its splendor. Hers was a shapely figure, with its well rounded limbs and body. She had an attractive as well as an intelligent-looking head, from which her bright brown eyes looked lovingly out upon mankind. Her well-shaped ears and forehead gave further indication that she was sprung from distinguished stock. She was not too fast, but she could, and usually did, go at a pace fast enough to satisfy even the most exacting. Her name was Edith May Chapman. All in all, I think that she is the most beautiful, intelligent, and thoroughly satisfying piece of horseflesh that I have ever been privileged to look upon.

G. Munroe '32

Sea Dreams

Julie Buckston was different from other girls. Her two chief ambitions were to live absolutely alone in a small shack by the sea and to own an outfit of thoroughbred horses. As it was, she lived with her father, mother, and three sisters in a stately Georgian mansion covering approximately four hundred acres. They took it for granted it was that large, though it had never been accurately measured. The Buckston family was noted for its lack of preciseness.

Julie was nineteen, athletic, dark, and had striking features. Her two best friends were her horse, Bumps, and the strange man who frequently inhabited a secluded rock crevice at the farthest end of a beach belonging to the Buckston family.

The first day she had met him had been rainy. Tired of the course of affairs at home, she had gone straight to her place of refuge. As she was gaining a position on one of the highest rocks, she noticed the figure of a man approaching from the distance. He climbed to the place where she was, and sat by her for a few moments before he uttered a word. Then, in blunt words, he asked her if she enjoyed the shore and ocean on a stormy day. This gave Julie a chance to talk. She seemed incredibly drawn to this elderly man, even though she had seen him but for a few seconds. He listened attentively while she told of herself, of her horse, Bumps, her ambitions and, last of all, about her family and of her unhappiness living in their formal manner.

It was arranged in their first talk together that they would meet at the same place, high on the rocks, every stormy day. The man told her no more about himself than was possible. All Julie learned through their first encounter was that his name was Mr. Barnsby. He and his wife loved the sea, and for some inexplicable reason they both knew Julie's full name and those of her parents. By common consent, both Julie and Mr. Barnsby promised to keep their meetings a secret.

One stormy day after she had known him for almost six months, Mr. Barnsby asked her if she wished to accompany him and Mrs. Barnsby on a long voyage to many parts of the world. Much to her joy, when later she confided her invitation and wishes to her father, he offered to help her make preparations for the trip. Mr. Buckston gave his daughter everything she could possibly need, but, although he aided her in these many ways, he exacted a promise from her which forbade her to mention to her mother anything concerning the trip or his gifts. Julie's mother and sisters were to know nothing of her departure till she was well on her way.

Mr. Barnsby, his wife, and Julie sailed on the first lap of their journey in early June. One day, while talking together on the quarter-deck of the large ship, Mr. Barnsby explained his mission and purpose to Julie.

He was a dear friend of Julie's father. Mr. Buckston was interested in his girl, but could not easily show his interest because of his wife, who disregarded Julie entirely, spending all of her time, money, and attention with her other three daughters. Mr. Buckston realized Julie's discontent and tried to do what he could to make her happy by asking Mr. Barnsby to make her acquaintance. In this way, he was able to send her on the voyage with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barnsby, as her companions. When she returned home, Julie was to have her wishes granted. Mr. Barnsby, who, during his first talk with Julie had discovered her desire for a cabin by the sea and an outfit of thoroughbred horses, had reported these things to Mr. Buckston, who was making preparations for their readiness when she returned.

After Mr. Barnsby had finished his explanation, Julie decided that maybe her family was not as disagreeable as she had imagined. Fathers and daughters usually turn out to be staunch friends. Julie determined then and there to learn to know and understand her father, no matter what difficulties stood in the way. Hadn't her father done the same thing for her?

Virginia Donley '34

Stage-hand: "You received a tremendous ovation. They're still clapping. What did you say?"

Actor: "I told them I would not go on with my act until they quieted down.

Reflector

Have You Noticed

That Mr. O'Donnell can't tolerate absence?

That the football captain and a certain senior evidently know each other's program pretty well?

How well certain students know the way to Quincy and Boston during school days?

That Margaret Kelly likes college vacations?

Henry Hoffman's Spanish tile pants?

That Stewart Loud needs a violin to go with his coiffure?

That two girls in IV A 2 like Mr. Whittle's ties?

Gard ner Jones' green beret?

That some of the freshmen like to dictate to the seniors in the lunch room.

The hair of certain students in 301 changing color?

That assemblies are few and far between?

An Observer '32

Miracles

It would be a miracle if:

Miss Baker let a boy go out of 210 during the noon recess;

Wayne Cooper learned accounting before next year;

Charlie Hunt knew any law definitions;

Phil Wolfe stopped to think about anything;

Wally Whittle let us smoke at noontimes;

Miss Williams ever let us move our feet in a study period;

Miss Baker washed the blackboard herself;

The juniors didn't talk during their music period;

Madeline Connell stopped carrying home books for the sake of appearance;

George Connolly stopped using peroxide for his hair;

Georgia Alden were a sober girl;

Gladys Corey knew anything about minding her own business;

We didn't know the meaning of the words "afternoon session."

Frank Ginsberg's Ford didn't rattle;

Mr. Brown forgot how to say "10 nights";

Miss Vining smiled;

Bill Haggerty forgot his derby;

Francis Ralph wore rubber heels;

Bud Alger stopped teasing the girls;

Jim Smith's hens laid turkey's eggs;

Steve Pratt wore long pants;

Santa Claus came down the High School chimney.

"Art" Christie '33

Flivver Dust

On a dark and Willys-Knight, the Pathfinder set out to find the La Salle. On his search, he had to cross the Hudson and the Pontiac on the Stanley Steamer and Dodge the Oakland. Running like a Whippet, and in his great effort to make a Paige in history, he was hit by a Pierce Arrow, driven by a Marmon, and was knocked with the swiftness of Floating Power. Right then and there, he saw a Moon and seven Stars, Free Wheeling from behind a Flying Cloud.

William Donovan '34

Christmas

Christmas, which is celebrated on the twenty-fifth of December, is marked by special religious services in various churches, by charitable deeds, by the exchange of gifts, and by merry-making and rejoicing.

The giving of presents, the use of holly, mistletoe, Yule logs, the wassail bowl, have all descended from the days of paganism, but they are things which set the day distinctly apart from all other holidays. Without the Christmas tree and Santa Claus for the little folks, the day would be incomplete and lose much of its deeper meaning to families. The custom of sending greetings on Christmas cards started about fifty years ago.

Great Christmas trees, glowing with innumerable lights, are set up in a central location, and the people gather about the trees and sing the familiar hymns and carols that are associated with the birth of Christ. The community Christmas tree is symbolic of that spirit of kindliness which moves people everywhere to help their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

Emilie Vanasse '33

Ma: "Why aren't you going to the prom?"

Senior: "There are two things which will prevent me from dancing."

Ma: "What are they?"

Senior: "My feet."

Christmas Experience

It was Christmas. The snow was softly falling and enclosing Mother Earth in a blanket of glory. The city folks had opened their country homes to enjoy what is popularly known as "an old-fashioned Christmas", away from the troubles and disturbances of life, amidst the quietness and solitude of contentment. Holly wreaths decorated the doors and windows; Christmas tree lights blinked merrily out into the night. The world seemed peaceful to all.

Among the exclusive people of the city who had decided to spend the holiday in the country were Mr. and Mrs. Arnold L. Wallace and their two children. Day, a beautiful debutante with soft olive skin, dark, wavy hair and large brown eyes, was one of those few girls who comply with the requirements of an artist. The long lashes, pearly teeth, aristocratic nose, and perfect chin made her distinctive among the girls of her set. Curtis, one of the outstanding players of the Harvard football team, was a decided contrast to Day. His skin was tanned, but his hair was blonde and curly. Instead of dark eyes, laughing blue ones displayed themselves. He was six feet tall, with broad shoulders. He and Day had been pals from the cradle, and Curt, as Day called him, would rather see and keep Day the baby of the past, although he thought her sophistication attractive.

Just now they were whizzing along the Cape road towards Bourne in the newly acquired Packard roadster. Day was snuggled up close to Curt in an attractive raccoon. Her hat barely showed, then suddenly she jumped and cried, "Curt! Look!"

A pair of blue eyes met a pair of worried brown ones, and in the distance a towering phantom of unimaginable horror was slowly approaching the car, which was now parked in the midst of a wood.

"Ah-ha-ha-ha! This is good, splendid," said the tramp insolently. "Two beautiful Christmas presents — a beautiful young girl and a lovely, new car." Then the man added in a rougher tone, "Get out of that car, young fellow."

When Day had had a chance to look at the man more closely, she saw that was an evil-looking tramp, with about two weeks' growth of beard on his face. He had bushy black eyebrows which almost hid the small snapping eyes beneath them. He was dressed in an old gray suit covered with stains and wrinkled and torn, and he wore a battered gray hat. As the tramp ordered Curt out of the car with a leering laugh, Day shuddered and drew her coat closer. After a short struggle in which the hardened old tramp was victor, he bound both Curtis's hands and feet. Then throwing him to the side of the road, he stuffed filthy rags into his mouth. Next, he ordered Day to drive the car, and he himself would direct her.

They followed a winding road, which was little more than a cow path, until they began to ascend a steep hill. When they had reached a small clearing in the midst of which lay a roughly put together shack, Day's companion told her to stop. The tramp walked over to the door of the hut, which was hanging by one hinge, and motioned her to enter. Stepping out of the car, she made her way to him and went in the door.

Day found herself in a room containing nothing but a bed, chair, table, and a small stove. The table was bare. The room had only one window, which was too high for Day to reach even the sill. There was a dilapidated fireplace in one corner from which several bricks were missing. Day remembered that she had seen a small chimney on the roof of the hut.

The tramp followed her in and said, "You had better not shout for help, because no one will hear you so far from the road." He then left her alone and going out, locked the door behind him.

After he had gone Day reflected upon the truth of his words. Despairingly, she realized that there was no way out except—her eyes wandered to the fireplace. It was covered with soot, and there was probably glass and other things strewn about. It was her only hope.

She resolved to try to get out by way of the chimney. There was no time to lose. Hurriedly, Day walked over to the opening and looked up, scanning the sides for a possible means of ascending. She could see the sky above and the tops of the trees. She would have to leave

her coat behind, unless — quickly she looked around for some rope. There was none to be seen. Walking over to the table, she jerked open the drawer. In it she found not the rope which she had hoped for, but a long strip of cloth, one end of which she tied to her coat and the other around her waist. Next, she hurried over to the fireplace and stepped inside.

Then, starting upward, she put her foot on first one jutting ledge, then another. When she was almost at the top, she slipped and would have fallen but for a piece of rock which her foot fell upon. Onward she climbed, the coat bumping against the walls behind her. At last, she reached the top; then, after taking one long breath of fresh air, she scrambled out on the roof. Jumping to the ground, the plucky girl ran to the car, and, after slipping on her coat, started the engine. Her fingers trembled in her excitement. She then began her winding way down hill.

A figure was approaching. Her heart thumped wildly. She thought that it was the tramp. Upon coming closer, she recognized her brother Curt, bedraggled and dirty.

"Curt," she cried, and stopped the car. Curt ran to meet her.

"Day, are you all right? You're not hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"No, but you—what happened? Let's go before that terrible man comes back," she went on. "You can tell me when we're in the car."

As they raced along, Curt related to her how he had seen the tramp go past the spot where he lay bound and gagged, and how he had struggled to free himself. After awhile his bonds had slipped, and he was free.

"This will surely be a happy Christmas," said Day when they were once more homeward bound.

Elizabeth A. Donovan '34

A little boy was balancing himself on his head when an old lady who knew him came by.

"Aren't you too young to do that, my lad? You are only six," she said.

"It's all right, missis," replied the boy, without losing his balance. "I'm nine when I'm upside down."

A Practical Joke

Of course, it was the night before Christmas, and everybody had the air of mystery and expectancy.

It was a habit in Grandma Slavie's house to be very secretive about what was to happen on Christmas Day, especially about the dinner. There were also many customs that were carried out on the night before. One of these was that everyone had to hang up one of his stockings in front of the large brick fire place in the parlor. There was much grumbling over this, all coming from the older member of the family (nineteen years old) calling it all "a lot of hooey", but that smiling gray-haired old lady usually got her way about things, especially around Christmas.

Fred, nineteen years old, decided that nineteen years of one thing was quite enough, and he would stop it to-night and teach them a lesson. He tried to get his sisters to join him in the conspiracy, but was not successful. However, he carried on his plans. They must have noticed how enthusiastically he hung up his stocking that night (one of his best, too), and he wanted everyone in the house to do the same; so that when Santa Claus saw all the new stockings, he would put better presents in them. They all agreed, and it really was nice to see all the new stockings hanging in a row over the fire place.

That night about two a. m., Fred slipped down the stairs while all in the house slept, gathered the stockings up in a bundle, and quickly went down the cellar stairs to the furnace.

Although Fred credited himself with having the brains of the family, there were some other brainy ones also, because at 1:45 a. m., fifteen minutes before Fred, Catherine, Fred's fourteen year old sister, had also slipped down the stairs, gathered the row of stockings, and in their place hung a row of Fred's.

Was Fred surprised the next morning when he couldn't find any of his new socks, only old ones that had holes in them, and later found out that he had gathered and burnt all his own, and never noticed it because he was so excited?

M. Monahan '33

POETRY

A Bear of a Story

One day I went a-shooting
With nothing but a rope.
Now don't you start a-hooting.
You'll believe this I hope.

I came upon a bear.
A great big fellow was he,
But I decided then and there
He was no match for me.

So I grabbed my trusty sling-shot,
And hit him in the eye.
Can you imagine?—guess what—
If he didn't sit down and cry.

I knew that he was badly hurt;
So I put him in a sack,
And lugged him down to old Doc Wirt
To have his eye put back.

The Doc, he was a good old nurse,
He did the job in time.
It really couldn't have been much worse;
But the bear thought it was fine.

I finally let him go home
As thankful as could be,
While I sat down to write this poem,
Knowing you won't believe me.

T. Garvey '31

A Suggestion

Suppose we think a little about "number one;"
Suppose we all help someone else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend;
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;

Suppose we laugh *with,* and not *at,* other folk;
And never hurt anyone just for the joke;
Suppose we hide trouble, and show only cheer;
'Tis likely we'll have quite a Happy New Year.

Edith Ferris '33

Snowing

Slowly down from low-hung clouds
  Flutter the flakes of snow,
Over the country and over the town,
  Swept by the winds that blow.

Down, down, till the frozen earth
  Glitters in dazzling white,
Till curves and wreaths and fleecy plumes,
  Are hung from every height.

Down they come in feathery whirl,
  Like sprites in an airy chase,
Till every tiny separate flake
  Has found its resting place.

Barbara Lockhart '32

An Autumn Day

'Twas a cool, breezy morn in the fall,
  Just after the leaves had turned,
And the woods so inviting were calling
  In voices ne'er to be spurned.

They called when the sun came up,
  And woke the woodland throng;
Till we, unresisting, had followed
  The trail of the woodthrush's song.

Soon, a basket was swinging on my arm,
  And a blanket flung on my back.
My sister was dragging behind her
  Our old, worn nutting sack.

So, happy we were as we wandered about
  And picked up each nut that we found;
And the trees, which were swaying above,
  Shaded the moss-covered ground.

And under their boughs we went walking,
  Under them we sat to eat,
And under them we played till darkness
  Came creeping under our feet.

So, gathering nut sack, basket, and blanket,
  Our faces toward home we turned;
And the woods so inviting stopped calling
  In voices ne'er to be spurned.

Avis Walker '34

Reflector

Writing for the Reflector

I've sat here for an hour,
Trying my best to think,
My pen is right beneath my hand
Before me is the ink.

My thoughts have all departed;
My mind is a perfect blank.
Each thought is as hard to get started
As a flivver without a crank.

I was never cut out for a writer,
I see that plainly to-night,
But write I must for our paper.
So here it is, Mrs. White!

Nellie Beaton '32

???

I'm just a goofy guy,
Trying hard to write verse;
But, no matter how I try,
I just get worse and worse.

I try to write of night
And of people, good and bad,
Yet, every time I go to write,
It seems I can't, by gad.

I like to write about the sea,
The waves, the shore, and sky,
But, doggone it, words fail me,
No matter how I try.

I'm just a crazy bum
I know I must seem dumb;
But that's just what I shall always be,
Me and my darned poetry.

T. Garvey '31

Christmas

Christmas comes only once a year,
Bringing to all tidings of cheer.
So we should make this wondrous day
A day in memory of the past,
Which will not die—but live and last.

Vera Cleaves

Sea Dreams

Again 'tis fall,
And from the sea
I hear a call;
'Tis like a plea.

The wind doth roar
O'er white-capped bay;
The sea gulls soar
Through skies of grey.

I sit and dream
Of far-off lands
And seas that gleam
On sun-kissed sands.

C. Evans '32

Examination Days

Examination days are here;
The bus lacks fun, the school lacks cheer.
With moody face and listless hands,
The freshman studies of far-off lands.

The sophs, with puckered brows, do wrench
Themselves to learn from books of French.
The junior boys we never see;
They're busy learning chemistry.

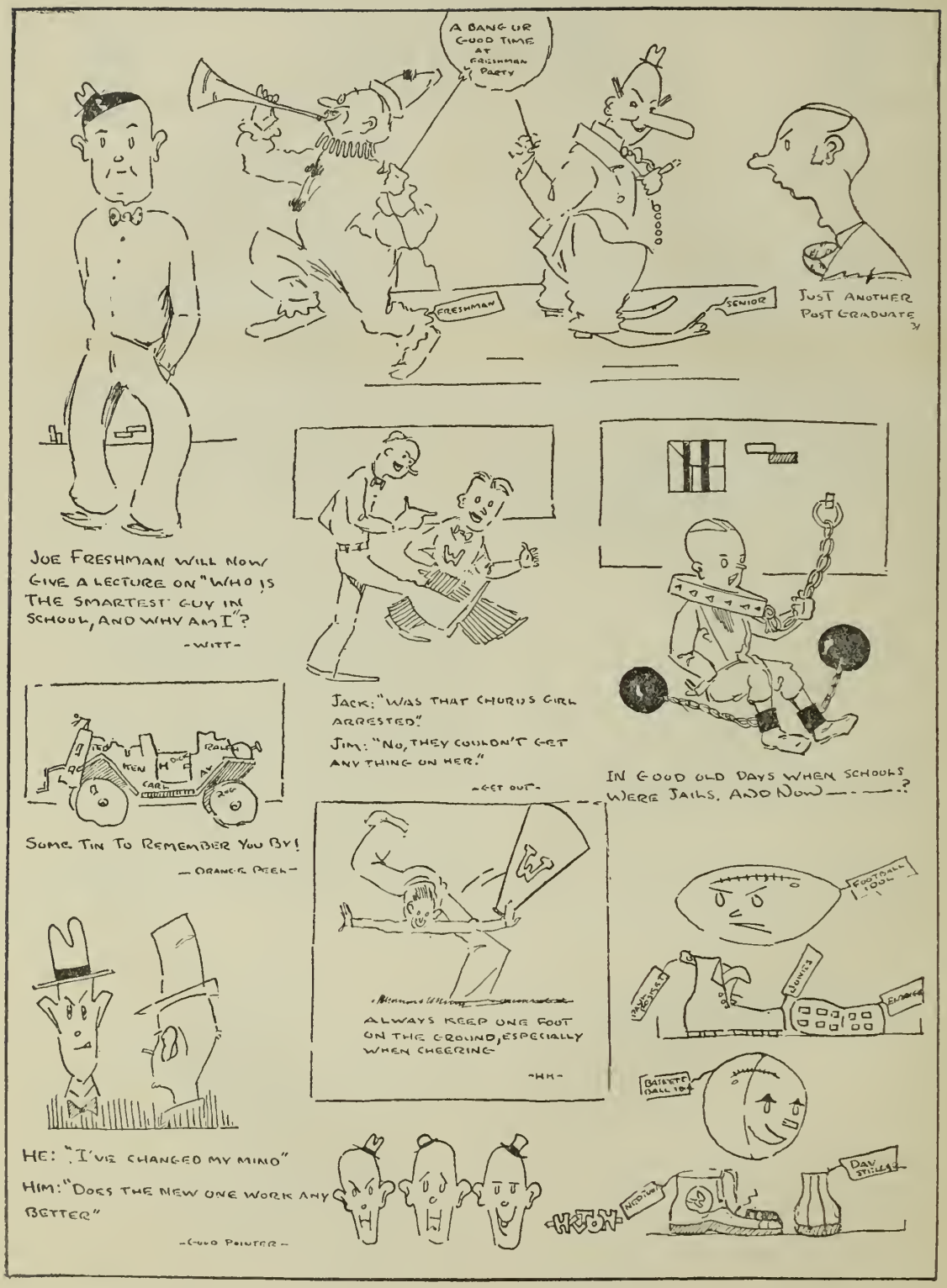
Again the seniors' haughty pride
Has rolled anew from off their hide.
Why come these days of dread so drear?
Why, don't you know? Exam week's here.

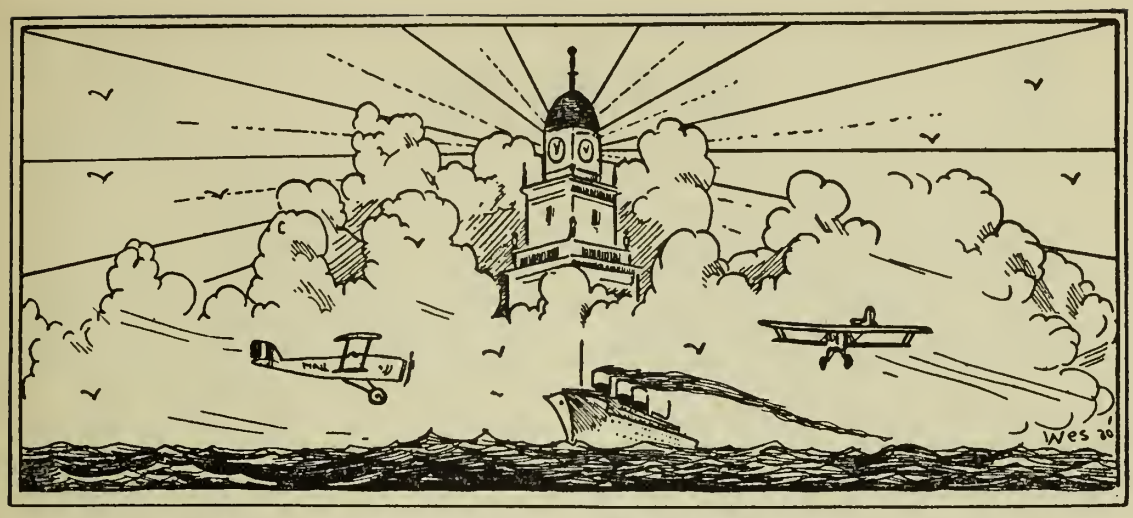
Jane Tirrell '34

Winter Song

Rosy cheeks,
Stamping feet,
North wind howling shrilly;
Snow and sleet
Can't be beat.
My, but it is chilly!
Jolly times,
Happy times,
Now we're all together;
Winter cheer
Is welcome here.
We don't mind the weather.

Emma De Pari '32


A BANG UP GOOD TIME AT FRESHMAN PARTY
FRESHMAN
SENIOR
JUST ANOTHER POST GRADUATE
JOE FRESHMAN WILL NOW GIVE A LECTURE ON "WHO IS THE SMARTEST GUY IN SCHOOL, AND WHY AM I"?
-WITT-
JACK: "WAS THAT CHORUS GIRL ARRESTED"
JIM: "NO, THEY COULDN'T GET ANY THING ON HER."
-GET OUT-
IN GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN SCHOOLS WERE JAILS, AND NOW ——?
SOME TIN TO REMEMBER YOU BY!
—ORANGE PEEL—
ALWAYS KEEP ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND, ESPECIALLY WHEN CHEERING
-HH-
FOOTBALL TOOL
BASKETBALL TOOL
DAY STILLS
HE: "I'VE CHANGED MY MIND"
HIM: "DOES THE NEW ONE WORK ANY BETTER"
-CUPID POINTER-



Weymouth High School,
East Weymouth, Mass.
December 23, 1931

Dear Sue:

Peanut tells me someone has got to keep you posted on the events that take place between each Reflector issue. Since she is suffering from writer's cramp and brain fever contracted from the work she put into her last letter to you, I will carry on.

The juniors held a class meeting in 114 and elected the following officers: President, Paul Foskett; 1st. Vice-President, John Bentley; 2nd. Vice President, Francis Ralph. The meeting was adjourned till a future date for the election of Secretary and Treasurer.

Mr. Hilton called all the students to the hall to enlist aid in selling tickets for a dance to be given at Morey Pearl's Tent and a midnight show at the Weymouth Theatre for the benefit of the unemployed. Mr. Hilton also took this time to show us the awards the Aggie boys had earned in Amherst.

Wednesday morning the Thanksgiving Proclamation was read in the home rooms.

The third period we had a fire drill; then assembled in the space in front of the school for a pep meeting. We practised the cheers for the game to be played next day. Feeling invigorated after our lung exercise, we returned to our classes for a half hour of hard studying. At the close of the fourth period, we received our first *Reflector* issue.

We were dismissed Wednesday noon, not to return until Monday.

Thanksgiving morning I went up to Legion Field to the Hingham game. It was great. Weymouth played a wonderful game, but Hingham's strong defence kept them from making any score, though they threatened Hingham's goal line several times. Neptune played a wonderful passing game. Weymouth outplayed Hingham, and it was a shame they had to lose. Handrahan, Hingham's big boy, was out of the game when Eldridge tackled a Hingham man. Handrahan, thinking he was too rough, lost his head, and pitched into Eldridge. I thought there was going to be some real excitement, but the Weymouth police stepped in and put a stop to what promised to be a good rough and tumble.

On December second two delegates were appointed from each home room to meet in 304 Thursday the third lunch period, and, under the guidance of Mr. Whittle, made plans to insure better conduct in the lunch room.

On December third classes were suspended the first two periods while the Chadwick Clinic gave the pupils who had their parents' permission the Tuberculin Test.

The seniors gave the freshmen a party on December fourth in the boys' gym. This proved to be a huge success. The party started with an entertainment, followed by games and refreshments, after which we danced to the music of the Elmwood Entertainers.

With the ever-present exams over, and the results, which I shall not receive until I get back from Christmas vacation, hanging like the sword of Damacles over my head, I will forget my troubles long enough to wish you a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Love,
Carrie Mae

Carrie Mae Whitcomb '32

Junior Class Meetings

The first meeting of the class of 1933 was called on November 12, 1931 in the Hall. It was called to order at 2:25 P.M. by Mr. Brown, who gave us a few fundamentals of parliamentary law. Then the nominating committee was chosen. It consisted of four students from each junior home room. Francis Ralph was elected temporary chairman to preside at the next meeting. The nominating committee was instructed to speak to the students of their various home rooms in order to obtain their opinions of suitable candidates for the various positions. Then they were to meet and draw up their nominations. With this, the meeting was adjourned.

The second meeting was called on November 19, 1931. The meeting was called to order at 2:31 by Francis Ralph. Mr. Hilton then addressed us, asking us to vote for persons who were capable of fulfilling the duties of the various offices. A vote was then taken for president, and Paul Foskett was elected by a vote of 120 to 10.

Foskett then took the floor and called for a vote for the vice-presidents. The first vote did not come out a majority; so a vote was taken on the two highest. The three names offered by the nominating committee were John Bentley, Francis Ralph and Dick Mathewson. On the first vote Bentley received 62, Ralph 37, and Mathewson 29. On the second vote Bentley was elected First Vice-President by 87 votes and Ralph, Second Vice-President by 57 votes.

President Foskett then called for a vote for Secretary. Those nominated were Georgia Alden, Dot Hopkins, Adelaide Duncan, and Marjorie McAleer. The first of these received 39, the second 37, the third 10, the fourth 34. As this did not come out a majority, and as time was slipping by, it was proposed to adjourn and to reserve this matter until the next meeting.

Alan Braynt '33

Senior-Freshman Party

At 2:15 on December 14, there was a mad dash to the boys' gym.

The freshmen tumbled over each other to obtain "ring side" seats for the entertainment.

Of course the seniors made a more dramatic entry and allowed the "freshies" to occupy the bleachers.

Mr. Hilton introduced Henry Anderson, the Senior Class president, who welcomed the freshmen. A program followed:

Piano Solo	John Malnuti
Song	Stewart Loud
Dance	Maude Hunt
Reading	Lillian Winkfield
Violin Solo	Bernard Ruscetta
Dance	Elizabeth Tirrell
Song	Franklin Burrell
The Nit-Wits	Gardner Jones and Wesley Holbrook

Miss Hoag took charge of games. First there was a game of general handshaking in which we met even the members of our own divisions. The seniors procured most of the prizes from the covetous freshmen. Our vice-president was appeased with a rattle. 301 and 201 then struggled to whistle, after guzzling dry crackers, but, for the most part, succeeded only in showering forth dry cracker crumbs. The freshmen boys were the most successful this time.

As it was past feeding time for the freshmen, ice cream tickets were passed out and refreshments were served.

Dancing until 5:00, to the music of the Elmwood Entertainers, ended the eventful afternoon.

N. Beaton '32

Le Cercle Francais

The French club, under the able direction of Miss Berry, held its first meeting in Room 215 on November 23rd. The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President: Marie Galligan.
Vice-President: Judith Wood.
Secretary: Frances Wood.
Treasurer: Betty True.

It was decided that the club should meet on Monday of the first and third weeks of the month. Parmys Goodale was elected chairman of the entertainment committee for the next meeting. Since this was the first meeting and there was no further business to be discussed, the meeting was adjourned.

P. Goodale '33

Reflector

Editorial

Some years ago all athletic relations between Braintree High School and Weymouth High School were severed. Not until last winter, when their basketball teams met, was athletic competition between these two schools resumed. At these games the Weymouth team and its rooters for the most part displayed a commendable attitude of sportsmanship and good-natured rivalry. However, there are a few students who, no doubt, not realizing what their actions result in, persist at every game in disgracing both themselves and their school by giving two discreditable cheers.

Now comes the welcome news that once more Braintree and Weymouth will meet on the athletic field, and every sign points to a continuance of these athletic contests. We are going to play them in basketball and baseball this season, and a football game has been arranged for the autumn of 1932.

You students should bear in mind that, since Braintree and Weymouth are geographically so close to each other, any rivalry between their high schools should be that of good friends, and should, in no circumstance, be that of bitter enemies. Now that the breach between these schools has been healed, we should be especially careful to give Braintree no reason to think that resuming relations with us was a mistake.

The only thing that might cause them to believe that we are not living up to the code of sportsmanship is the disgraceful conduct of the unthinking few already mentioned. Help them to help themselves, and you will be doing your bit to preserve the friendly spirit which should always prevail between Braintree and Weymouth. Let's try to be good neighbors.

The Editor

The T.B. Test

The thunderous hordes pound down the corridors. On they go, like lambs to the slaughter, past 110, 107, 103, 101—on to the hall.

At last the crowds gather outside the doors. Weak grins adorn several faces; others are drawn out in anticipation of the coming ordeal.

"Did it hurt?" they question anxiously as recent victims march proudly out of the hall, bare arm stiff at one side, and a happy grin stretching from ear to ear.

One line haltingly advances down the aisle, to be greeted by a sympathetic Miss McDavitt. They pass the first "test" and wander on into Mr. Page's hands, and then they're all set.

After a miniature questionnaire, they reach the doctor.

He eyes his victim coldly, and utters some words of consolation.

"It won't hurt—much." says the "doc", grabbing an arm.

Carefully he squints at the bare flesh, and then suddenly and heartlessly jabs a 10-inch "screwdriver" (it seemed that so to some) into the arm and begins to twist. The patient lets out a weak yelp of surprise and dismay. By the time he knows what it's all about, he is being waved from the hall by the "doc."

Once outside he pauses to examine the minute puncture and murmurs to himself, "Well, that wasn't so bad after all!"

Russell Dexheimer '33

Remodelling Carpentry Shop

From the beginning of school in September the Carpentry Shop has been undergoing a change. We have moved the cage to a better location. The lumber pile is going to be changed also, and a new circular saw is to take the place of the old one.

The new location of the cage is against the west wall of the shop. It is smaller than the old one, the bench having been taken out. This work was done by the third-year boys, under the direction of the instructor, Mr. F. E. Whipple, Sr.

The lumber pile will be moved to the former location of the cage. This out-of-way position will give needed space for other work in the shop.

The new saw to be placed where the old one stood will make work easier and more accurate. The two lathes, now standing against the west wall will be moved to the south wall. It is hoped that these improvements will make for still greater efficiency in the Carpentry Shop.

Ernest Enella '32

ALUMNI

CLASS OF '28

Warren Fabyan.....Mass. State College
Clifford Foskett.....Mass. State College
John Ghiorse.....Harvard
John Smith.....Tufts
Alice Tirrell.....Wellesley

CLASS OF '29

Dorothea Abbott..Bridgewater Normal School
Paul Bates.....Harvard
George Emerson.....Harvard
Raymond Fulton.....Northeastern
Edward Holmes.....Burdett College
Edward MacQuinn.....Mass. State College
James McAleer.....Harvard
John McAleer.....Mass. Inst. of Technology

CLASS OF '30

Warner Abbott.....Northeastern
Lillian Bicknell.....Post Graduate
Christine Blair.....Burdett College
Philip Brackett.....Norwich
James Branley.....Post Graduate
Robert Burrell.....Mass. State College
Fred Clark.....Burdett College
Barbara Cole.....Burdett College
Russell Denbroeder.....Northeastern
Charles French.....Post Graduate
Karl Gardner.....Mass. Inst. of Technology
Arthur L. Garland.....Post Graduate
Barbara Grieves.....Katherine Gibbs
Anna Halnan.....Katherine Gibbs
Eleanor Hopkins.....Pierce's
Francis Keohan.....Mass. State College
Louis Lilla.....Post Graduate
Edwin Nelson.....Northeastern
Edwin Thomas.....Dartmouth
Lewis Warnick..Boston School of Practical Art
William Whitten.....Norwich
Wesley Williams.....Vesper George Art

CLASS OF '31

Andrew Abbott.....Northeastern
Beth Alger.....Perry Kindergarten School
Filomena Amoroso.....Farmington
John Anderson.....Mass. Inst. of Technology
Frederick N. Andrews.....Mass. State College
Constance Avenell.....Burdett College
Frances Ball.....Post Graduate
Dorothy Bearce....Bridgewater Normal School
Eleanor Blackwell.....Post Graduate
Leonard Bryant.....Dartmouth
Marjorie Burne.....Burdett College
Josephine Caruso..Bridgewater Normal School
Eleanor Colligan.....Barry
Marie Conroy.....Boston University
Ruth Cormack.....Post Graduate
Richard Cronin.....Post Graduate
Winifred Deacon.....Brockton Hospital
Charles Delorey.....Post Graduate
Charles Forcier.....Burdett College
Norman Foskett.....Post Graduate
Alfred Gardner.....Burdett College
Doris Goodwin.....Deaconess
Boyd Gridley.....Northeastern
Richard Gridley.....Post Graduate
Cecilia Higgins.....Goddard Hospital
Eleanor Hill....N. E. Conservatory of Music
Elizabeth Hollis...Perry Kindergarten School
Ellen Karstunen.....Burdett College
Sadie Lambe.....Bridgewater Normal School
Catherine Leahy.....Brockton Hospital
Alice Lebossiere.....Regis
Catherine Linnehan.....Burdett College
Archie MacKean.....Northeastern
Francis Manuel.....Burdett College
Violet Mitchell.....Mass. Memorial
John Moulton.....Mass. State College
Constance Nash.....Post Graduate
Ruth Nolan.....Farmington
Elsie Peterson.....Posse-Nissen
Jerry Petrucelli.....Post Graduate
Myrtle Pray.....Bridgewater Normal School
Dorothy Reilly.....Hyannis Normal School
Francis Reilly.....Post Graduate
Hazel Smith.....Bridgewater Normal School
Josephine Sturtevant.....Post Graduate
Joseph Thomas.....Wentworth
Edith Tirrell.....Chandler
Edna Travis.....Post Graduate
John Veerling.....Mass. State College
Herman Warner.....Thayer Academy
Margaret Young.....Post Graduate

Arthur L. Garland, P. G.

★

A
very
Merry
Christmas
to you one
and all is the
sincere wish of the
faculty and students
of the trade courses at
Weymouth Vocational
School. Working in our
shops every day of the school
term, we find extreme gratifica-
tion in our work and the comrade-
ship which shows us the true meaning
of the words "good will toward men."
We, present and future craftsmen of our
trades, get our greatest satisfaction from two
sources: the extreme pleasure which we derive
from creating a product approaching perfection,
and the friendships and good will formed by doing
so. Perfection, itself a constant goal in our work, is an
ideal seldom attained, but may we hope that our comrade-
ship and "good will toward men" come nearer to perfection
every day of the year. We again wish you a very Merry Christ-
mas, and may each day of the new year bring more happiness and
laughter than the day before, during

1932

TRADE

John Delorey, P. G.

Football

WEYMOUTH 0—DEDHAM 45

Weymouth met one of the most powerful teams on the schedule, when they made a visit to Dedham. Dedham was defeated by Weymouth last year by the score of 6 to 0 but they gained their revenge, beating Weymouth by the score of 45 to 0. Dedham started with a bang, scoring 13 points in the first quarter. Dedham made two touchdowns in the second period. One was made on a well executed pass and another was made on a lateral pass. Many long runs by the Dedham backfield men were the features of the game. Toward the end of the game Weymouth put in a new line, which consisted of practically all freshmen and sophomores, who stopped the Dedham team and gave the fans an idea of what the future Weymouth teams will be made up of. Weymouth had two or three chances to score, but was unable to put the ball over for some points.

HINGHAM 13—WEYMOUTH 0

Hingham made its appearance at Weymouth with one of the best teams it has ever had. Although Hingham had been made the favorite by all the papers, it promised to be one of the best school games in this neighborhood. There was one of the largest crowds present that had ever been at the field to see a high-school game. Weymouth kicked off to Hingham, and they brought the ball back to the 20-yd. line. Handrahan, the Hingham flash, scored a touchdown on the first play, but he was called back because one of the Hingham players was penalized for holding. All the scoring was made in the first half. The first touchdown came as a result of a fumbled punt. The Hingham team took advantage of this break, and on a series of line bucks and end runs, they made their first score. The try for the point was also successful. The second touchdown was made by Burma. After being tackled, he got up before the whistle blew and ran to the 1-yd. line, where he was pushed offside. He then plunged through the line for the necessary extra yard. The try for the point failed. In the third and fourth period Weymouth threw one forward after another, which were consistently good for long gains. Weymouth had many chances to score, but was unable to gain the necessary yardage. It was the general opinion of those who watched the game that the Weymouth team outplayed Hingham, but Weymouth, did not receive the breaks. Both lines and backfields played a fine brand of football. The game was interfered with only when a quarrel was started between a Hingham and a Weymouth player, but it was stopped immediately.

Girls' Athletics

A lively season of field hockey ended with the inter-class tournament—won by the Senior-Junior team. The results were as follows:

Senior-Junior 6	Sophomore 0
Sophomore 2	Freshmen 1
Senior-Junior 2	Freshmen 0

The girls have been equally enthusiastic about basketball, and it appears that there will be a promising season as well as an interesting tournament.

N. Beaton '32

Reflector

The Why of Football

Of the million-odd people who filled the stadia from Cambridge to Palo Alto every Saturday afternoon this fall, a great majority actually knew little football, and had neither played the game nor been intimately associated with it. This immense group, who witnessed these contests more as colorful pagaents than as games, must have often wondered what cause impelled the twenty-two men on the gridiron below them to sacrifice their bodies in a game where there can be no hope of financial remuneration and little reward but transient glory.

Is it a fear of censure by their classmates or is it college spirit that causes them to go out for the team? Actually, it is neither of these, but something deeper, that makes a great player. For a man who is driven never rises to greater heights than the bench in a major contest, while college spirit and traditions are quickly forgotten at the sound of the whistle. Every football player must undergo what amounts to an apprenticeship period.

Practically every afternoon during the season must be sacrificed for a gruesome and monotonous drilling in fundamentals. And these practice sessions are rugged affairs. Few players become enthusiastic over the drudgery they entail, and every man has at sometime in his training inwardly cursed them. Yet one day there comes a light to the discouraged candidate. On some play he breaks through the line and makes a clean, smashing tackle that earns the commendation of the coach and gives him a peculiar, soul-satisfying thrill.

All the former bruises and knocks are now forgotten. He has found his strength, and plays with the expectation of again getting that thrill. It becomes his sole ambition to charge hard across the line of scrimmage, to grin at the unsuccessful attempt of an opponent's block, to drive true for the ball carrier, and to leave his feet, wrapping his arms taut around the ball carrier's knees, and, putting all his power behind one shoulder, bring him to the ground with a resounding thud and a significant loss of yardage. That is the reason men play football.

N. Foskett '32

Basketball

The candidates for the basketball squad have reported to Mr. Kennedy, who was much pleased with the number of students that reported. A great year is expected by the coach, because practically every member of last year's squad has returned. The team won seven games and lost seven games last year; so with the return of a veteran squad the team is certain to be one of the best Weymouth has had. Some of the members who reported are: Stetson, T. Stetson, Johnson, Stella, Neptune, Foskett, Zeoli, Higgins, Sjostedt, Reidy, Harrington, Gannon, Bentley and Shields. Games have been arranged by Mr. Stewart with: Milton, Abington, Plymouth, Hingham, Rockland, Braintree, Quincy, Mass. Nautical Training School, and the Alumni.

The Latest Pictures

"The Reckless Hour"—Last period of any day.
"The Last Flight"—Second lunch period.
"An American Tragedy"—U. S. Constitution.
"Street Scene"—W. H. let loose at 2:15.
"Monkey Business"—Fire-drill.
"The Cannon Ball"—Ten nights.
"Everythings Rosie"—First period Monday.
"Devotion"—Barbara's love for history.
"Palmy Days"—Vacation.
"Three Loves"—Study, lunch, and assembly.
"Forbidden Adventure"—Roaming about corridors.
"Politics"—Mr. O'Donnell.
"Up for Murder"—Called to the office.
"Journey's End"—Graduation.
"Young as you Feel"—Any senior.

Dorothy Flynn

Rastus: "How done yo'ah ole lady like de new washin' machine you done buy foah her?"

Sam: "She jes can't get used to it foah some reason. Why ebbry time she done get in it de paddles knock her down."

* * *

"The Brown household seems a perfect piece of machinery."

"Yes, the wife's the governor, the children are safety valves, and the husband's a crank."

Dear Flannelmouth:
Scientists say that mosquitoes weep. Is that true?
Norman Loud
It is possible. I've seen a moth ball.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Last week a pedlar came to the door to sell me something. To ward him off, I told him the lady upstairs would buy some. Now she hardly speaks to me. Can you tell me why?
Phyllis Jardine
Perhaps he was selling roach powder.

Dear Flannelmouth:
There is a fellow in school who is very much of a sissy. How can I give him a dirty dig that will hurt his feelings?
Gardner Jones
Ask him what he plans to change his name to when he gets married.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Why do words have roots?
Virginia Spinney
To make the language grow.

Dear Flannelmouth:
My ideal must be a big and strong man, who sweeps everything before him. Can you suggest someone who answers these requirements?
Marjorie McAleer
Sure—the janitor.

Dear Flannelmouth:
What do you consider the greatest achievement of the Romans?
Mr. Martin
Speaking Latin.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Have you ever seen the Catskill Mountains?
Betty True
No, but I've seen cats kill rats.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Have you ever done any public speaking?
John Shields
Sure, I made a date over a party line.

Dear Flannelmouth:
What did Sir Walter Raleigh say to the beautiful queen when he threw his coat in the muddy road for her walk on?
Ralph Stewart
Step on it, kid.

Ques. "Why is a farmer never completely broke?"
Ans. "He knows where the hired help's quarters are."

* * *

Ques. "When does a girl not look like herself?"
Ans. "When a fellow takes her for a tramp."

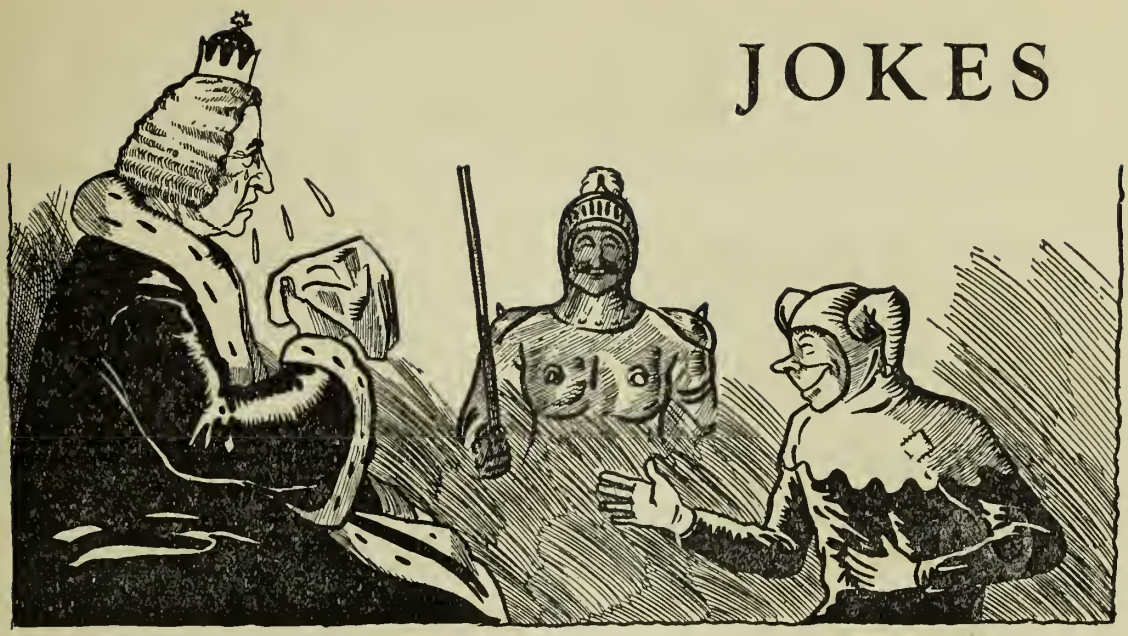
* * *

Here reposes Cecil Bode;
He cut out of line on a two-car road.

* * *

Teacher: "Tommy, what is the difference between angling and fishing?"
Tommy: "Well, the rich man angles, and the poor man fishes."

JOKES



Teacher: "Use the word 'hitherto' in a sentence."
Student: "Come hitherto me."

"Good morning, sir. I'm a bond salesman."
"That's all right, my good man. Here's a quarter—go buy yourself a square meal."

Mr. Penny (arriving with family for dinner party): "Please announce Mr. and Mrs. Penny and daughter."
New Servant: "Three cents."

Lawyer: "But why didn't you tell all this to the judge?"
Jewish gentleman: 'Vell, how could I? I was handcuffed."

Orchestra Leader: "What key are you playing in?"
Boy: "Skeleton key."
Leader: "Skeleton key?"
Boy: "Yeh, it fits anything."

First man: "That confounded automobile is always breaking down."
Second man: "Oh, you'll get over it."
First man: "I'm not thinking of *that*. "Getting under it is what bothers me."

Lady: "You aviators must have a license, must you not?"
Flyer: "Oh, yes, indeed."
Lady: "How long does it last?"
Flyer: "Only God knows."

"Did you mail those two letters, Sarah?"
"Yes'm. But I noticed that you put a two-cent stamp on the foreign letter and a five-cent stamp on the other one."
'Dear me, what a blunder!"
"But I fixed it all right, ma'am. I just changed the addresses on the envelopes."

Boss: "Did you deliver that message to Mr Dunn?"
Office Boy: "Nope! He wasn't in."
Boss: "Why didn't you wait for him as I told you to?"
Office Boy: "Well, the door was locked and the sign on it read "Return immediately". So I beat it back here as quick as I could."

George: "Jim, dat bear of yours has funny-looking eyes. What am his name?"
Jim: "Dat bear's name am Gladly."
George: "Gladly? How come?"
Jim: "Got it from de Bible, George, where it says, 'Gladly the cross I'd bear.' "

Reflector

Anna: What is an echo?
Ed: An echo is the only thing that can deprive a woman of the last word.

Ahearn: Say, this darned car won't climb a hill. You said it was a fine machine.
Dealer: I said *on the level it was a good* machine.

Ken: Once there was Scotchman waiting on a street corner with a slice of bread in his hand.
Ben: What was he waiting for?
Ken: The traffic jam.

It isn't because it's cheaper that so many fellows eat in the lunch room. It's because it seems more home-like. You have to wait on *yourself*.

"Help! Help! cried an Italian laborer from near the mud flats of the Harlem River.
"What's the matter there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.
"Help, bringa da shov'l! Bringa da peek! Giovanni's stuck in da mud!"
"How far?"
"Up to da knees."
"Let him walk out."
"No! No! He canna not walk. He wronga end up."

Social Worker: "And what is your name, my good man?"
The Convict: "999."
Social Worker: "Oh, but that's not your real name?"
The Convict: "Naw, that's only me pen name."

City Boy (looking at his first windmill): "Say, Uncle Tom, that's some electric fan you have out there cooling the cows."

Mae: "My Scotch boy friend sent me his picture."
Sue: "How does it look?"
Mae: "I don't know. I haven't had it developed yet."

Mr. Olsen had a bear that he wished to show to his friend. When his friend saw it, he remarked, "Your bear is cross-eyed, isn't he?"
Mr. Olsen answered, "Yes, that's why I named him 'Gladly'. I happened to read once in the Bible this sentence: 'Gladly the cross I'd bear'."

"Hey, you!" yelled the traffic officer at the amorous driver. "Why don't you use both hands?"
"I'm afraid to let go the steering wheel," grinned the irrepressible youth at the wheel.

A group of tourists were looking over the inferno of Vesuvius in full eruption.
"Ain't this just like hell?" ejaculated a Yank.
"Ah, zees Americans," exclaimed a Frenchman, "where have zey not been?"

"Who's in there?" called the owner at the door of his chicken house one dark night.
"Nobody but us chickens," came the response.

Westerner to Englishman about to go riding: "Do you want a Western or English saddle?"
Englishman: "What's the difference?"
Westerner: "A Western saddle has a horn, but an English saddle hasn't."
Englishman: "I'll take the English saddle today. We shan't be riding through heavy traffic."

Teacher: "Johnny, what is a fish net?"
Johnny: "A lot of holes tied together with string."

Rastus: "What kind of seegars does you all smoke?"
Sambo: "Ah smokes Robinson Crusoes."
Rastus: "What kind is they?"
Sambo: "Castaways, just castaways."

"What do you do when in doubt about kissing a girl?"
"Give her the benefit of the doubt."

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Ex-Bad Boy—Monroe Cole.
Daddy Long Legs—Warren Hilton.
Young as You Feel—Mrs. White.

Under this stone lies Oscar Swett;
He put on the brakes when the street was wet.

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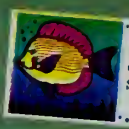

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